

An Emblem of our Protestant Martyrs.



S. Ed. Bury Godfrey



DUKE of Monmouth



The Earle of Argle



Arth. Earle of Essex.



W. L. Russell.



Collonell Sydney.



Alderman Cornish.



M. Benj. Hewling.



M. W. Jenkins.



The Lady Lisle.



M. Gaunt.



M. W. Hewling.

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3

THE
Protestants Charge
AGAINST THE
CHURCH of ROME,
MAINTAINED:
OR, AN
ANTIDOTE
AGAINST
POPE RY.

Rev. xvii. 6. *I saw the Woman drunken with the Blood of the Saints, and with the Blood of the Martyrs of Jesus.*

Nahum iii. 1, 4, 5. *Wo to the bloody City, it is all full of Lies and Robbery, the Prey departeth not—because of the Multitude of the Whoredoms of the well-favoured Harlot, the Mistress of Witchcrafts, that selleth Nations through her Whoredoms, and Families through her Witchcrafts: Behold, I am against thee, saith the Lord of Hosts, and I will discover thy Skirts upon thy Face, and I will shew the Nations thy Nakedness, and the Kingdoms thy Shame.*

By JAMES FALL.

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TO THE
READER.

AS we are apt to love the same Things (as we do Persons) better in one Dress than in another ; and the Author of this, being willing Popery should be exposed in every Shape, has composed the following Tract, in a very different Form to any Thing (which he knows of,) done against Popery. And though he is far from thinking that this his Tract is equal to some of those excellent Things, published of late against Popery, yet he hopes this honest, though feeble Attempt (for the same End) may have its Usefulness ; and he shall have the Glory, who can make his Strength

perfect in Weakness, and out of the
Mouths of Babes and Sucklings, raise
the highest Trophies of Honour to
Himself.

*Here's Prose and Verse, take which }
 thou likest best, }
May both unto thy Soul be greatly blest, }
And then vile Popery thou wilt detest. }*



THE
P R E F A C E.

AS Popery, with all its abominable Train of human Inventions, Superstitions, and Idolatry, is a Religion justly abhorred by God, who will consume the Man of Sin, that Son of Perdition, with the Spirit of his Mouth, and destroy him with the Brightness of his Coming: So 'tis a Religion righteously worthy the Hatred of all Men. For it is not only a mere Pageantry, and a Trick in itself to get Money; but the most horrid Cruelties, and monstrous Barbarities, are committed under its Influence, and are its constituent Parts, and essential Ingredients; and without which the Avarice, and Ambition of its Ecclesiasticks, could not be maintain'd; who wickedly teach their blind Votaries, that to butcher Hereticks, (they mean Protestants) is doing God Service, and even amounts to a meritorious Act. Now as this Religion is equally destructive to the Souls, and Bodies, the Lives, and Liberties of Men, it deserves their irreconcilable Hatred, and eternal Abhorrence. I know Papists do pretend Antiquity, uninterrupted Succession, and Miracles: But these Weapons have been turn'd into their own Bowels, over and over again, by the Advocates of Truth. Alas! what are their oldest Traditions? they are but novel Fables, when

when compared with the Old and New Testament. And what are their most ancient Fathers but beardless Boys, in comparison of the Prophets and Apostles? Besides, a Lye is not the better for being old, and often repeated; nor Succession the more honourable, where Christ is successively denied; nor Miracles to be regarded, when they are only lying Wonders.

But these ragged Coverings are grown so old, that they will no longer hide the Nakedness of Popery: For now all Men, who are not given up to strong Delusions to believe a Lye, may see her Shame; for her Errors, Idolatries, selfish Views, tyrannical Principles, and most horrid and wicked Practices, have given all good Men a just Sense of, and prejudice to so superstitious and cruel a Religion, which delights in shedding human Blood. What Crimes, what Murders, and what Robberies, have the Papists committed in Europe for some hundred Years past, even on the Score of Religion! Surely then it can never be unseasonable, especially at this time, to expose a Religion so destructive of the Peace and Happiness of Societies, so derogatory to the Glory of God, so contrary to the main End and Purpose of Christianity; and a Church which persecutes, with unrelenting Barbarity, those who have the Courage and Honesty to oppose its Innovations. A Religion which is a Complication of gross Absurdities, and abominable Corruptions, whose Doctrines are destructive of the true Ends of Conversation, and the Quiet of Families; a Religion fitted to disturb and undermine the Peace and Happiness of Princes, and Communities; that robs God of his Glory, and invades the kingly, priestly, and prophetic Offices of Christ; detracts from the Dignity and Authority of his Person, and invalidates the All-sufficiency of his Sacrifice, and Righteousness. A Religion which throws Contempt upon the Word of God, the only Rule of Faith and Practice: And a Church which prefers her own wicked Inventions to it, and deprives

deprives by this way the greatest Part of her Members of the only external Means of Saving-knowledge, as well as by locking up the Scriptures in an unknown Tongue.

Popery is also destructive to Monarchy, as well as true Religion and Holiness; which is evident from the many Plots, Treasons, and Mischiefs that have been fomented by the triple-crown'd Priest, and his Incendiaries, in all Ages of the Church, (since Popery had a Being) and in every Kingdom of the Christian World. So that one would think nothing could more prepare, and whet the Resentment of every Potentate in Europe, against the Babylonish Whore, that has so long rode upon the Horns of their secular Power; and has gradually usurp'd upon them, till at last she insolently trampled upon their Crowns, and Dignities, that she might make them subservient to her bellish Purposes, and Instruments of her infernal Cruelty: and where any of the Kings of the Earth have thrown off her tyrannical Yoke, she is restless in her Attempts to ensnare them again; or to make them fall a Sacrifice to her cruel Revenge.

Many Attempts she has made upon this happy Isle of Great-Britain, and is now making a fresh one, by a Popish Pretender, at the Head of a tumultuous Mob of vile Miscreants, who have nothing to fear the Loss of but a worthless Life, spent in Rapes and Robberies, Plunders, and Murders; to whom, one would think, none in their Senses would shew the least Countenance, especially those who have felt the benign Influence of his present Majesty's auspicious Reign, whom God long preserve. But it is still more surprising, that any under the happy Government of his Majesty King George, should ever move a Pen, Tongue, or Hand, against him, who has neither acted contrary to the Laws of his Realm, in the whole of his Reign, nor in the least infringed upon the Liberty, or Property, of his Subjects.

But

But what is it that Beggars, Thieves, Knaves, and Fools wont do, under the Influence of Popery, especially when they have an imaginary Prospekt of advancing themselves, upon the Ruin of Protestants?

To expose that Religion, which, next to our Sins, is the Cause, and lies at the Bottom of our present Troubles, and all that we have farther to fear from them; and to inspire my fellow Protestants with an utter Abhorrence of Popery, and all its Attempts; and to inflame their Zeal for our present happy Constitution, is the Intent of the unworthy Author

J. FALL.



T H E

THE
Protestants Charge
AGAINST THE
CHURCH of *ROME*,
MAINTAINED.

O Gulph of Horror ! O profound Abyss !
Was ever Mischief half so black as this ?
Thou monstrous Whore, what Language
can expresse

The boundless Measure of thy Wickedness ?
Throughout the Earth thou hast such Mischief
wrought,

As is amazing to a human Thought.

It would compel a Heart of Stone to melt,
When it revolves what Protestants have felt :

Thy bloody Fury, and infernal Rage,

Have persecuted them in every Age.

Thou mad'st the Magistrates their Enemies ;

And all the Tortures that thou couldst devise

Thou didst inflict, as Hist'ry to us shows ;

Some thou didst hang by th' Head, some by the Toes ;

B

Yea;

Yea, Millions thou didst burn and broil on Coals,
 And others starve to death in stinking Holes :
 Some of them thou didst cut in Pieces small,
 And Infants Brains didst dash against the Wall.
 Upon their Bodies thou didst tread like Dung ;
 Thou hadst no Mercy upon Old or Young.
 By thy vile Crew were Women ravished,
 Who then (like Butchers) knock'd them on the Head.
 Some had their Eyes and Tongues by thee pull'd out ;
 Some were made harbourless, and forc'd about
 To wander, till in Woods and dismal Caves,
 They found their woful and untimely Graves.
 What rocky Heart but justly may admire
 Thy Rage, that made poor Children to set fire
 To fatal Piles, in which their Parents dear,
 In cruel Flames consum'd to Ashes were !
 Thy wicked Agents have some Millions slain,
 Who did endure the most inhuman Pain
 Thy Bishops, Monks, and Friars could devise ;
 Whose Blood to God for speedy Vengeance cries.
 The Ways thou took'st to free a Soul from Error,
 Was unexampled, Flesh amazing Terror
 Of horrid Racks, whereon a Man must lie
 Tortur'd to death, and dying, cannot die.
 Accursed Wretch ! didst thou not give Commission,
 For to erect thy bloody INQUISITION ?
 That loathsome Dungeon, and most nasty Cell,
 A Place of Horror, representing Hell ;
 Where nothing is so plentiful as Tears ;
 Where martyr'd Protestants can find no Ears
 To hear their Cries, and lamentable Moans,
 Nor Hearts to pity their extorted Groans ;
 Where Saints in Torments all their Days must spend,
 Not knowing when their Sufferings will have end.
Thousands

Thousands by thee were in *Bobemia* slain,
 Whose Carcasses unburied did remain.
 Thou mad'st thy Vassals fall upon that Nation,
 On no less Penalty than their Damnation.
 Didst thou not promise, upon that Condition,
 To give them full and absolute Remission?
 The vilest Wretch that on the Earth has stood,
 You fully pardon'd, if he'd shed the Blood
 Of one *Bobemian*: O stupendious Rage!
 Not to be parallel'd in any Age,
 But by thyself: 'Twas judg'd *De Alva's* Crime,
 That he destroy'd no more in six Years time
 Than eighteen thousand Souls; were they so few
 In the account of this blood-thirsty Crew?
 But if the Wretch (*De Alva's*) bloody Bill
 Came short in Numbers, yet his Hand did fill
 It up with Torments, dreadful to rehearse:
 The very Mention cannot chuse but pierce
 A marble Heart, make Infidels relent;
 Torments that none but Devils could invent.
 But if all this was over little still,
 His Predecessors did enlarge the Bill:
 For, from the time thy hellish Inquisition
 Did from the Devil first receive Commission,
 By cruel Torments, which they still retain,
 'There were an hundred fifty thousand slain:
 From that black Season, when the hellish Rage
 Of *Jesuits* acted on th'*European* Stage.
 In *England*, *France*, in *Italy*, and *Spain*,
 By thy accursed bloody Hands were slain
 Nine hundred thousand Souls, or thereabout,
 E'er many Years had run their Circuits out.
 Of poor *Americans*, by cruel *Spain*,
 In fifty Years were many Millions slain.

The poor *Waldenses*, whose enlightned Eye,
 Thy filthy Whoredoms quickly did espy,
 Thou hast with raging Persecutions rent,
 And murder'd Parents with their innocent
 And harmless Babes ; thy more than barb'rous Crew
 Their cruel Hands did in their Blood imbrew :
 At once were eighty Infants famished,
 And many thousands basely murdered.
 When some have fled into obscurest Caves,
 Thy Villains made their Hiding-place their Graves.
 What Part of *Europe* now can make their Boast,
 And say they have not tasted to their Cost
 Of thy Malignity ? What shall I say
 Of *Germany*, whose martyr'd Spirits pray
 For speedy Vengeance on thy guilty Head ?
 That Sea of Blood thou hast in *Ireland* shed,
 Cries Night and Day for Justice. Now I'll fix
 My serious Thoughts upon black Sixty-six.
 Thou cruel Strumpet, how canst thou repair
 The Loss of *England's* great Imperial Chair ?
 How many rich Men were to Beggars turn'd,
 When that brave Isle's Metropolis was burn'd,
 By thy accursed Firebrands of Hell,
 Incarnate Devils without Parallel ?
 Brave Merchants of their great Estates bereft,
 To-day rich Men, to-morrow nothing left ;
 Their Wives and Children quite forlorn became,
 Their Substance all consumed in the Flame :
 To which I add, I have not yet forgot
 Thy Powder-Treason, that vile Popish Plot.
 Should I but recapitulate thy Charge,
 And speak of all thy Villanies at large,
 'Twould fill vast Volumes : Often did I see
 The Lord of Life was crucified by thee,

When

When his dear Members Blood by thee was shed,
 Numberless Numbers basely murdered ;
 Yet still thou hast the Impudence to say,
 That thou art guiltless even unto this Day !
 But graceless Whore, thou art bereft of Shame,
 If to Innocence thou lay'st the smallest Claim ;
 For I will prove my Charge is just and true,
 From God's own Word, wherein I plainly view,
 It has been evidenc'd by Vision clear,
 That some strange Monster should on Earth ap-
 pear ;

Which by imperfect Views did first amaze
 Sagacious Minds, when they on it did gaze :
 To see an Object of unusual Wonder,
 This made Men's Judgments to divide asunder ;
 A Woman, City, and a scarlet Whore !
 The like on Earth was never seen before.
 A Woman in her pompous Glory drest,
 And sitting on a monstrous horned Beast ;
 Who is decypher'd by prodigious Things,
 His very Horns (explain'd) are crowned Kings ;
 And then this mighty Wonder to compleat,
 She's placed on a seven hilled Seat :
 And who this Woman is, shall now be known,
 Her proper Title is *Great Babylon* ;
 Who in great Pomp and royal State doth ride,
 Excelling haughty *Jezabel* in Pride ;
 Who in our modern Times has boasting been,
 That she rules all Men as a mighty Queen ;
 Trampling on Kings and crowned Potentates ;
 Commanding Kingdoms, Commonwealths, and
 States ;
 Requiring Subjects blindly to obey ;
 Pressing the Beast and Horns to kill and slay,

At

At such a Rate, as that all Christendom,
 Like Butchers bloody Shambles has become.
 If by these Marks she is not understood,
 Neither by Garb, Beast, Actions, or by Blood,
 To other Ways of Proof I'll quickly come,
 And shew this Whore to be the Church of *Rome*.
 The Woman which the Apostle *John* beheld,
 Array'd in purple, and in Pomp upheld,
 By that blasphemous scarlet colour'd Beast;
 That was with Gold and Stones of value drest,
 Holding a Cup full of Abominations,
 And black Pollutions of her Fornications;
 That with great Kings Adultery commits,
 And in a seven hill'd Habitation sits:
 The holy Angel of the Lord explains,
 That 'tis the City which so proudly reigns
 Over the Kings of th' Earth; but all these Notes,
 And what besides the blessed Spirit quotes,
 With *papal Rome* exactly do agree,
 She therefore must this bloody Strumper be.
 If all the Marks that to this Whore are given,
 Will not meet any where so plain and even,
 As in the Church and People I do name,
 Then certainly she is the very same;
 For it is evident that there is none
 May be so fitly stil'd *Great Babylon*.
 'Twas she that took the Word of God away,
 And by a String of Beads taught Men to pray;
 She robs the Laity of the blessed Cup,
 And spoils the Feast where Christians should sup,
 At the Lord's Table, where they us'd to mind
 The blessed Things their Saviour left behind.
 'Tis she sets up her superstitious Mass,
 As Rank an Idol as yet ever was;

Commanding Adoration to be given,
 Of equal Honour with the God of Heaven ;
 Imposing Vows, unwarranted Traditions,
 Implicit Faith, and thousand Superstitions,
 Pretended Miracles, apparent Lies,
 Damnable Errors, and fond Fopperies ;
 She clogs the Conscience, and to make all well,
 Boasts all her Dictates are infallible.
 Did *Babylon* the burning Work begin,
 Make a hot Furnace, thrust God's Worthies in ?
 This Church herein hath driven such a Trade,
 That Thousands broiling Martyrs she hath made :
 She sets the *Pope* above the holy One,
 The great *Jehovah*, and his blessed Son.
 'Tis she declares him universal Head ;
 'Tis she forbids the Bible to be read ;
 'Tis she that first did from the Faith depart ;
 'Tis she that wounded *Sion* to the Heart ;
 'Tis she advanc'd the Doctrine of the Devil ;
 'Tis she hath been the Occasion of all Evil ;
 'Tis she does teach her Sons to swear and lie,
 To vouch great Falshoods, and plain Truths deny :
 'Tis she that did forbid the Marriage-Bed,
 Whilst her vile Clergy such ill Lives have led.
 Was it not she that Canon did create,
 Commanding People to abstain from Meat,
 Which God gave Licence unto all to eat ?
 That all may know we do to *Rome* what's right,
 These Poems are brought forth unto the Light ;
 Wherein it very plainly does appear,
 Our Charge against the Church of *Rome* is clear.
 If from this Charge she can herself defend,
 No Accusation (false) I do intend ;

Or

Or if she can produce another Tribe,
 To whom we may such Characters ascribe,
 With greater Clearness than we do to her,
 On them this Charge we quickly will transfer :
 But since she cannot make a fair Defence,
 And show to all the World her Innocence,
 'Tis very evident that all these Things
 Have been fulfill'd on Kingdoms and their Kings.
 And now if there no other People be,
 That did the like, then thou alone art she :
 Let thy Denials trouble Men no more,
 Thou only art the bloody scarlet Whore :
 And tho' in Verse I do my Charge maintain,
 To prove it false all thy Attempts are vain,
 Because on thee the Facts are proved plain. }

*See more of this, in Mr. Keach's Distressed Sion
 Relieved, from whence the Substance of these Lines
 is borrowed.*

To the CARELESS PROTESTANT.

A P O E M.

CANST thou be Protestant, yet careless be,
 How Things in Church and State go on
 with thee ?

Hearken a while to what I here shall speak,
 And sure 'twill make thy stupid Heart to ake ;
 Or 'twill provoke a Coward to take Arms,
 To save himself and his, from such dread Harms ;
 As Popery would on this Nation bring,
 To take from us Religion, Laws, and King !

Where

Where Gospel Pastors did some Millions feed,
 Must blind and sottish Ignorance succeed ?
 Shall all their Throats be cut that won't adore
 The hateful Carcass of a filthy Whore ?
 Must such as won't to Idols bow, be broke ?
 Must flaming *Smithfield* belch out Fire and Smoak
 Of martyr'd Saints ? Must all that will not turn,
 With Bibles and good Books together burn ?
 Must all that execrate *Rome's* Superstition,
 Be murder'd by a bloody Inquisition ?
 Shall Monks and Friars, mere incarnate Devils,
 Possess our Land, and pester it with Evils ?
 Of such an odious and abhorred Grain,
 That but to name them is a lasting Stain.
 Must our renowned Ministers give Place
 To *Romish* Stallions ? O the vile Disgrace
 Of such a Change ! Must an adulterous Priest,
 Belch out his Mass, where they have preached Christ ?
 Shall that accursed irreligious Tribe,
 Who fetter Conscience, and regard a Bribe
 Beyond their Souls, be Leaders to our Flocks ?
 Shall poultry Nonsense, and those apish Mocks,
 Miscall'd Devotion, fill the House of Prayer ?
 Shall their infectious Breath defile our Air ?
 Must *Sodom* be translated to our Isle,
 Shall filthy Priests our Chastity defile ?
 Must Satan's Factors, in a human Shape,
 On modest Virgins perpetrate a Rape ?
 Shall all our painful Ministers be driven,
 To fiery Stakes, if they renounce not Heaven ?
 Must our dear Infants lose their harmless Lives,
 In flaming Faggots, or with Popish Knives ?
 Must guiltless Blood thro' all our Streets rebound,
 A mournful Eccho ? Must the horrid Sound

Of Axes, Whips, and dreadful Scourges tear
 Our aking Hearts, and pierce the yielding Air?
 And this will be, if *Rome* can but prevail;
 Amazement stops my Speech, my Spirits fail.
 From Popery I nought can see or hear,
 But that which doth my Soul in Pieces tear.
 It breaks my Heart that *England* e'er shou'd shew
 The least good liking to a *Popish* Crew,
 Who in our Blood their Hands would soon im-
 brew.

Is't fit such bloody Butchers should bear Sway,
 Who wou'd have our all, then take our Lives
 away?

A Protestant can ne'er in Safety be,
 Should Popish Priests be in Authority.
 Oh if my Head were Waters, and each Eye
 A springing Fountain, I could drain 'em dry,
 To ward off Sin, and cruel Popery!
 For these, alas! do *Britain's* Glory stain,
 O think this o'er, and o'er, and o'er again.
 Whilst I in Interjections loudly cry,
 O *Britons* hate both Sin and Popery!
 May God incline your Hearts for to comply,
 By which you'll save both Lives and Liberty.

ENGLAND'S *Grief Revived, for the*
Loss of her Nobles (by Popery.)

O BLOODY Strumpet of infernal Rage,
 Thy Cruelties I'll tell to every Age;
 Not only Gospel Pastors thou hast kill'd,
 But my great Nobles Blood thy Hands have spill'd:
 The

The Names of two at present I'll insert,
 Who of thy cruel Rage have felt the Smart :
 For, was I all their worthy Names to tell,
 My little Tract would to a Volume swell,
 (I now will mention *Effex* and *Ruffel*.)
 Great *Effex*, ah thy Groans methinks I hear,
 What ne'er a Friend had'st thou, not one Friend
 near ?

None, none, to help, in vain it was to cry,
 When there were none but savage Monsters nigh ;
 Since thy great Soul could not enticed be,
 Nor wouldst conceal their curst Cruelty ;
 They make a bloody Tragedy of Thee :
 Though thy Assassins like Men appear,
 Their curst Attempt shew'd least of Man was
 there,

Incarnate Devils certainly they were.
 Ah ! cruel Tyrants, destitute of Shame,
 To murder both his Body and his Name.
 Could not his Blood your hellish Thirst suffice,
 But must he die a double Sacrifice ?
 What ! cut his Throat with such Barbarity,
 That's Head was almost off, and yet to cry,
 'Twas his own Hands did act the Tragedy.
 Altho' thy Prison was a Tower strong,
 'Twas no Defence nor Refuge to thee long ;
 But tho' thou careful wast of thy dear Life,
 Yet thou didst fall by a curst *Romish* Knife.
 Surprized, lest all should be discovered,
 Unto this devilish Policy they're led ;
 And to conceal their horrid Plot, they try
 This wicked Art, to hide their Villainy ;
 Which does confirm to all Posterity,
 That they the Cut-throats were, when thou didst die.

Renowned great Lord *Russel* next is he,
 That fell in Sixteen Hundred Eighty Three,
 By thy curst Hands, a direful Tragedy. }
 A braver Lord scarce ever lost his Head,
 Nay, few like him, hath *England* ever bred :
 From a most noble Stem he did spring forth,
 And had a Spirit suited to his Birth.
 Great Soul! too great for our inferior Praise,
 Thou for thyself the noblest Trophies raise :
 Thy Love to *Sion*, and thy native Land,
 Shall mention'd be, e'en while the Earth doth stand.
Sion's and *England's* Loss who shall repair ?
 Great God, our Popish Foes do thou not spare.
 'Twas by the Death of these great Men I see,
 That *Rome* did think to bring in Popery :
 But these two Champions standing in the Way,
 With bloody Hands they villainously slay :
 The first inhumanly was murdered,
 The other they did publicly behead.
 Shall such two Noblemen fall thus by *Rome*,
 And shall I not drop Tears upon their Tomb ?
 Had I not wept so many Tears before,
 For them, whole Rivers from mine Eyes might
 pour.

Had I a flowing Fountain in each Eye,
Essex and *Russel's* Loss would drain them dry.
 There's no Way else to pay them their Arrears,
 But issuing forth a constant Stream of Tears :
 And when we have drained all our Fountains dry, }
 Let them be wept for by Posterity,
 Who both fell by the Hands of Popery. }

My little Book not being quite fill'd up,
 To shew how full of Wrath's the golden cup

Of

Of the great *Babylonish* Scarlet Whore,
 I have inserted one great * Name the more.
 Renowned *Godfrey*, his immortal Glory,
 Martyr'd for Truth, shall ever live in Story :
 Let every loyal Eye that reads it there,
 Yield to his Name the Tribute of a Tear.
 Brave Soul, thy Love and Loyalty do claim,
 That King and People should proclaim thy Name,
 As *England's* Victim, ne'er to be forgot,
 Fast'ning on *Rome* an everlasting Blot.
 The great Jehovah, who is only wise,
 Permits thy Fall as a sweet Sacrifice :
 Thy barbarous Murder did make clearly out
 That Plot, which none but Infidels could doubt :
 Those bloody Varlets, black Assassins,
 Curst Executioners of *Rome's* Debates,
 Drunk with infernal Cruelty, made thee
 A Specimen of *England's* Tragedy.
 By thee we learn what Courtesy to hope
 From *Romish* Butchers, Vassals to the Pope.
 Thou led'st the Van, first fell into the Trap,
 From whence they hop'd no Protestant should 'scape.
 Poor Innocent ! trepan'd amongst them, came
 Into their Nets, like a poor harmless Lamb ;
 Whilst they, like hung'ry Tygers, ready stood
 To imbrue their Talons in thy guiltless Blood :
 Thou little dream'dst such an infernal Snare
 Had there been laid, t'entrap thee unaware.
 'Tis strange, say some, what Reason should engage
 Them to make thee the Object of their Rage ?
 Some think 'twas 'cause the *Babylonish* Whore,
 Big with a Bastard, long'd, as heretofore,

For

* Sir *Edmundbury Godfrey*, who was murdered by Popish Conspirators, *October 17, 1678.*

For Christian Blood ; her Favourites made haste,
 In her great Need, to help her to a Taste
 Of choicest Liquors ; thine ! she calls for first,
 To chear her sinking Heart, and quench her Thirst.
 Fearing Miscarriage, when her Spirits faint,
 She drinks the Heart's Blood of some martyr'd Saint.
 Insatiate, like the Horse-leach, still she cries,
 Give, give me that, there's nought else will suffice
 My craving Paunch ; my Pleasure must be done,
 This Heretick was a pragmatick ONE :
 He knows my secret Clubs, and would reveal
 My tragic Plots ; we must prevent his Zeal :
 Let's strangle him before he does relate,
 The Villainies we think to perpetrate.
 Ah brutish Whore ! of *Canibals* the worst,
 For this curst Draught thou'lt be for ever curst :
 In the most lasting Records shalt thou see,
 This horrid Instance of thy Cruelty.
 This loyal Knight ne'er injur'd thee, but stood
 Upright for Justice, and his Country's Good :
 Will nought but Blood of Protestants give Ease,
 Or quench thy Thirst ? what mischievous Disease
 Infects thy Bowels ? must *Rome's* Churches Food
 Be Flesh of Saints, her Morning's Draught their Blood ?

A pious Groan for SCOTLAND,
On the Occasion of her present Troubles.

SHALL *England* of her Freedom sing,
 While *Scotland* it does bleeding lie ?
 Ah ! this is an afflicting thing ;
 It wounds our Souls, and makes us cry,

To *Scotland*, Lord, send help, we pray;
Ah! succour them without Delay.

Unite us Lord, and make us one,
And let our mutual Love appear:
Let's never into Factions run,
And then our FOES we need not fear.
Whilst Protestants united be,
No Dread of *Rome*, nor Popery.

O! let thy Face upon us shine;
Let us behold it more and more:
And by that mighty Power of thine,
Confound our Foes, as heretofore.
Arise, O Lord, let *Scotland* be
Reliev'd with Speed, and sav'd by thee.

Let not our Hopes eclipsed be,
Nor Clouds of Darknes interpose
Between *Great-Britain*, Lord, and thee;
But by thy Power confound our Foes.
From *Scotland* let's good Tidings hear,
That thy great Power is saving there.

Let Peace and Safety there break forth,
And Popish Ruffians thence be gone;
Let all the People in the North,
In Truth and Love be join'd in ONE.
On *Scotland*, Lord, Compassion take,
Their Sorrows we our own wou'd make.

Let the *French* Tyrant, thy great Foe,
The Scourge and Plague of *Christendom*,
Receive an utter Overthrow:
Ah! quickly let his Downfal come.

This

This vile Ufurper, Lord, abase,
And pity thy dear Children's Case.

Great God! thou hast great Wonders wrought
For thy dear Church in every Age!
And down with Vengeance thou hast brought
Her Foes, with all their Might and Rage.
O! look upon poor *Scotland*,
And save it with thine own Right Hand.

Lord, blefs King *George*, and as he's great,
May he be always juſt and good:
His Enemies, O Lord, defeat,
Who greedily thirſt for his Blood!
O! be his Guard continually,
From faithleſs Friends and Treachery.

To the DISCONTENTED SUBJECT.

COME, Sir, let us a while debate,
About *Great-Britain's* preſent State.
What is it you would have?
Is't Liberty as *Engliſhmen*:
Or, had you rather be again,
A fetter'd *Romiſh* Slave?

Are you ſo fond of Tyranny,
That you fain back again wou'd fly
To *Rome's* deſpotick Chair?
Do you not know her Bonds are ſtrong,
And will not fail to laſt as long,
As you'r able to bear?

Hath

Hath God been gracious to our Land,
By our Great *George's* gentle Hand?

And yet when all is done,
Will you to *Perkin* shew your Love,
And slight the Works of God above,
And back again be gone?

What Humour's this of Discontent,
That such a King and Parliament

You will not cleave unto?
By whom we're sav'd from Slavery,
And granted our free Liberty;
What would you have them do?

O! be not like *Haman* of old,
Who, tho' exalted, yet being told,
That *Mordecai* also
Was in the Favour of the King,
It did much Sorrow to him bring:
O! no such Hatred show,

To those who have an equal Right
To Favour in their Prince's Sight,
And faithful Subjects are;
Who are free-born as well as you,
Why may not they of Honour too,
Expect an equal Share?

If that which pleaseth all the Land,
With your Self-Int'rest will not stand,
How can it helped be?
Must *Britain* wholly be undone,
And be by Popery over-run,
To humour such as ye?

O! be not guilty of such Pride,
Not to be on your Sovereign's Side,
Unless he please to show
His Indignation, and suppress
Those that love Truth and Righteousness,
Are loyal Subjects too.

Can none be true to *George* our King,
But only those that roar and sing,
And drink his Health each Day?
Come, don't mistake, for certainly
He shews the greatest Loyalty,
Who for him most doth pray.

Let Whig, and Tory, now agree,
And live in Love and Unity,
Our Int'rest is but one:
O! let us both united be,
Against our common Enemy,
Or else we are undone.

Let's Hand, and Heart, together go
Against our cruel Popish Foe,
That *Rome* may see most plain,
That Whigs, and Tories, both agree,
To keep out Popish Tyranny,
And *Britain's* Cause maintain.

*A Summary of the Protestants Charge
against the Church of Rome, in Prose.*

O Thou apostate Church of *Rome*! thou art guilty of all the horrid and monstrous Crimes that have been laid to thy Charge; which are as follow: Thou didst apostatize from the holy Religion of God, and his Son Jesus Christ, and didst advance the *Pope*, or Man of Sin, and hast sacrilegiously attributed, and given to him those Names and Titles which belong only to God, and his Son Jesus. Thou hast magnified the *Pope's* wicked Decrees and Councils above the Laws of God; and hast made void the Laws and Constitutions of the Gospel; making the Church national, and forming whole Kingdoms into one universal Church. (When the true Church of Christ is only a Congregation of faithful People assembled in his Name; although so small a Number as two, or three.) Thou hast insinuated thyself into the Courts of the Emperors, Kings, and Princes of the Earth, persuading them to commit Fornication and Idolatry with thee, to the utter Ruin and Destruction of many of them, as well as of several Peers, Noblemen, and others, of all Ranks and Degrees. Thou hast contrived innumerable Treasons, Rebellions, and Seditions; thereby endeavouring to betray Kingdoms, and States, to subject them to the *Pope* and See of *Rome*. Thou hast laboured to corrupt and debauch all Nations, by countenancing, and allowing Stews, and Brothel-houses, where filthy and abominable *Sodomy*, and Adulteries, are practised. Thou hast murder'd the best of Men, even the Saints of Jesus, and Servants of the most high God; putting them to all manner of cruel Tortures, and Deaths, that *Rome*, and Hell could in-

vent ; ripping up Women with Child ; causing thy villainous Sons to ravish chaste Women, and Virgins, and then barbarously murder them. Thou hast burnt thousands alive ; roasted many on Spits ; thrown many worthy Christians into Furnaces of boiling Oil ; thou hast blown their Heads in pieces with Gunpowder ; fleaing off their Skins alive ; starving several to Death, and exercising on them the most hideous Torments. Thou hast made Wives to be Widows, Children to be fatherless, Churches to be pastorless, Towns and Cities to be without Inhabitants. Thou hast burned famous Cities, and destroyed divers Countries by Fire, Sword, and other lamentable Devastations. Thou hast endeavour'd to enslave others, by depriving them of their just and good Laws, Liberties, and Properties. Thou hast not only murther'd the Bodies, but the Souls of Multitudes : In short, thou hast been guilty of shedding a mighty Mass of innocent Blood, by cutting off Millions of Men, Women, and Children in the most cruel and barbarous manner ; for no better Reason, in truth, than to glut the Avarice, and Ambition of ecclesiastick Villains, and religious Cut-throats. Surely thou art therefore *Mystery, Babylon the Great, the Mother of Harlots, and Abominations*, that hast made thyself drunk with the Blood of the Saints, and Martyrs of Jesus : which I am the more confirm'd in, when I see from the Word of God how plainly thy Idolatry, Pride, Covetousness, Filthiness, and Cruelty are pointed out by literal *Babylon*, the Type of thee, who art mystical *Babylon*, the Antitype.—The Agreement between that and thee, I could shew in a vast Number of Particulars ; but my intended Brevity will only permit me to mention a few ; which are as follow :

METAPHOR.

I. *Chaldea*, or literal *Babylon*, did set up Image Worship; commanding the true Worshippers of the true God, upon Pain of burning, to fall down and worship an Image. *It is the Land of graven Images, and they are mad upon their Idols, Jer. l. 38. And whoso falleth not down and worshippeth, shall the same Hour be cast into the midst of a burning fiery Furnace, Dan. iii. 6.*

II. *Chaldea*, or literal *Babylon*, was the Place of Captivity and Spoil; for they carried away the Servants of God captive, and rejoiced in so doing. Here we shall find *Ezekiel*, and *Daniel*, and Thousands more; here we shall find the Spoils of *Jerusalem*, and the Enemy rejoicing in the Spoil; see *Jer. li. 34, 35. and lii. 28, 29. and Ezek.*

PARALLEL.

I. The Church of *Rome*, or mystical *Babylon*, requires Worship to be given to the Crucifix, to the Images of the Virgin *Mary*, and other Saints, but especially to the Idol of the Mass; so that whosoever will not own that most ridiculous breaden God, held forth by the Hands of an unhallowed Priest, shall be burnt at a Stake, when *Papists* have it in their Power; as many pious Persons were (both young and old) in the *Marian Days*. See *Fox's Acts and Monuments*.

II. The Church of *Rome*, or mystical *Babylon*, is become the Place of Spoils and Captivity; for it is by her Orders, Dictates, and Influence, that the Servants of God have been carried away Captive, their Goods and Possessions made a Spoil of, in all Parts of the Christian World: In her Dominions it was, where we find *John Huss*, *Jerom of Prague*, (with many Nobles) and Thousands of others, captivated and destroyed. 'Tis in their Jails we find good Men imprisoned;

METAPHOR.

Ezek. i. Jer. l. II. *Because ye were glad, because ye rejoiced, O ye Destroyers of mine Heritage, &c. The Violence done to me and my Flesh, be upon Babylon, shall the Inhabitant of Zion say, and my Blood upon the Inhabitants of Chaldaea, shall Jerusalem say, &c.*

III. *Chaldea, or literal Babylon, tho' so wretchedly wicked, yet was the most proud and lofty of all Countries; therefore called the Lady of Kingdoms, and the Glory and Beauty of Excellency; for which God doth severely threaten her, Jer. l. 31, 32. Behold I am against thee, O thou most proud, saith the Lord God of Hosts, &c. And the most proud shall stumble and fall, and none shall*

PARALLEL.

soned; and in Popish Countries we find the Inquisition, and other cruel Usages; for who in all the Christian World besides, that imprison and destroy Men for Religion, but the Vassals of this wicked Church of Rome? Her cruel Sons did not only kill and spoil in Bohemia, Piedmont, and other Countries; but they rejoiced in their horrid Wickedness, as appears from the Histories of the Saints Sufferings, written by Mr. Fox, Mr. Clark, Sir Samuel Moreland, and others.

III. *The Church of Rome, or mystical Babylon, tho' so horribly vile and monstrously wicked, yet hath been, and is still, the most proud of any People in the Christian World; who saith in her Heart, I sit as a Queen, am no Widow, and shall see no Sorrow: For which Pride and Haughtiness, the Lord will remember her, when he comes to make Inquisition for Blood, and avenge upon her the Injury done to Sion, Rev. xviii. 6, 7, 8, &c. and xvi. 19. And great Babylon came in Remembrance before God, to give unto her the Cup of the*

METAPHOR.

shall raise him up; and I will kindle a Fire in his Cities, and it shall devour all round about him; see Jer. l. 34. also Isa. xiii. 19.

IV. *Chaldea, or literal Babylon, was not only a People of great Pomp, and Pride, but also of great Covetousness, Riches, and Treasures, Jer. l. 37. li. 13. A Sword is upon her Treasures, &c. O thou that dwellest upon many Waters, abundant in Treasures, thine End is come, and the Measure of thy Covetousness. The Adversary hath spread out his Hand upon all her pleasant Things, &c. Lam. i. 10.*

PARALLEL.

the Wine of the Fierceness of his Wrath.

IV. The Church of Rome, or mystical Babylon, is not only a People of great Pomp and Pride, arrayed with Purple, Scarlet, Gold, and Pearl, and precious Stones; but she is covetous also, and full of Treasures; for besides the Gifts that were given in the Time of Constantine, (as is pretended) she hath made a Prey of Nations, a Spoil upon Saints, has had the Gifts of Kings, and vast Revenues settled upon her Orders, and Clergy; she has peeled the People, by selling Pardons and Indulgences, raising Peter-pence, and the like: So horribly covetous is she, that she is not willing any should go to Heaven without the Gift of Money (to holy Church;) by which she is grown so rich, that she can afford a golden Cup, to present her intoxicating Wine in, and as a full Answer to her Type, Lam. i. 10. *She spreads forth*

METAPHOR.

V. *Chaldea*, or literal *Babylon*, did spoil the Meetings of God's People, and made the Ways of *Sion* to mourn, because Men could not come to the solemn Assemblies, *Lam. i. 4. The Ways of Zion do mourn, because none come to the solemn Feasts; all her Gates are desolate, her Priests sigh, her Virgins are afflicted, and she is in Bitterness.*

VI. *Chaldea*, or literal *Babylon*, made the worst of Men, chief among the Nations and Provinces, over which she ruled; suffering none to come to Preferment, but such as were Enemies to *Sion*, and the Modes

PARALLEL.

forth her Hands upon all the pleasant Things; where she sits as Queen.

V. The Church of *Rome*, or mystical *Babylon*, hath spoiled the Meetings of God's People, the true Professors of the Religion of Jesus; by burning and plucking down their Places of Worship, persecuting their Ministers, driving them into Corners, frightening and dispersing their Auditors, by Fines, Imprisonments, Banishments, and cruel Usages; so that *Zion's* Ministers have been made to sigh, her Gates become desolate, none being suffered to enter without Danger; Gospel Virgins (or truly gracious Souls) made hereby to mourn, because they could not hear the pleasant Voice of their Pastors, by Reason of Violence.

VI. *Rome*, or mystical *Babylon*, hath made the worst of Men Rulers, or Chief among the Nations, over which she rules; not suffering any to bear Office in Kingdoms, Cities, or Corporations, but such that were, or would be, the Servants of Sin, the Pope, and the Devil; or renounce Goodness,

METAPHOR.

Modes of Worship by her observed. *Her Adversaries are the chief, her Enemies prosper, Lam. i. 5. And Servants were made to rule over her, &c. Lam. v. 8.*

VII. *Chaldea, or literal Babylon, was guilty of starving, or famishing the Children of Sion; which made the Prophet cry out, My Priests and mine Elders gave up the Ghost in the City, while they sought their Meat to relieve their Souls; tho' they were purer than Snow, whiter than Milk, more ruddy in Body than Rubies, and their Polishing was of Sapphire: Yet their Visage was blacker than a coal, they were*
not

PARALLEL.

Goodness, and true Religion: Nor will they permit Men quietly to buy and sell, if they will not receive the Mark or Name of the Beast. Who can be Emperors, unless they own the Pope? Who can be Kings, without being deposed, or poisoned, that subscribe not to the See of *Rome*? Or who can sit safe as Governours over any Cities, where she sits as Queen, without being subjected to her tyrannical Yoke, both in Church and State? *Rev. xiii. 16, 17.*

VII. The Church of *Rome*, or *Mystery Babylon*, hath been guilty of such horrid Cruelties; by forcing tender and Heaven-born Souls, both Ministers and People, from their Dwellings, and that in a most bitter Season; driving them into Corners, where they have been kept, till starved to Death by much Hunger; of which we have a most lamentable and Heart-breaking Relation, in the History of the *Irish Massacre, &c.*

METAPHOR.

not known in the
Streets; their Skin
cleaveth to their Bones;
it was withered; it
became like a Stick:
They that were slain
with the Sword were
better than they, be-
cause of the terrible
Famine; see Lam. i.
19. and iv. 7, 8, 9,
10. and v. 10.

VIII. Chaldea, or
literal Babylon, de-
lighted much in burn-
ing Work; for they
set on Fire, and burnt
down the very Dwell-
ings of the People of
Sion, as well as their
Places of publick
Worship. In the
nineteenth Year of Ne-
buchadnezzar, King
of Babylon, came Ne-
buzaradan, Captain
of the Guard, &c.
and burnt the House
of the Lord, and the
King's House, and all
the Houses of Jeru-
salem, and all the
Houses of the great
Men burnt he with
Fire; see Jer. lii. 12,
13.

IX.

PARALLEL.

VIII. The Church of Rome,
or Mystery Babylon, hath so
much delighted in that cruel
Work of Burning, that she
has not been contented with
Burning the Dwelling-Houses
of God's People, and the
Places of their publick Wor-
ship, but she has burnt to Ashes
the Bodies of Men, Women,
and Children; and said, see
how sweetly the Hereticks fry?
Witness the Valleys of Pied-
mont, the Marian Days, the
Irish Massacre, and the Fire of
London, when that famous and
renowned Metropolis was
burnt.

IX.

METAPHOR.

IX. *Chaldea*, or literal *Babylon*, was so villainous, as to ravish and murder the Women in *Sion*, and the Maids in the Cities of *Judah*, declaring their Sin like *Sodom*. *The young and the old lie on the Ground in the Streets; my Virgins*, as well as young Men, are fallen by the Sword; *thou hast slain them, thou hast killed and not pitied*; see Lam. ii. 21. and v. 11.

X. *Chaldea*, or literal *Babylon*, delighted in Hanging as well as Burning; serving God's People, as Men serve Dogs that they do not think fit to live: They hanged them up in a miserable Way, or Manner, even the best among the People; *Princes are banged up by their Hands, the Faces*

PARALLEL.

IX. The Church of *Rome*, or Mystery *Babylon*, hath been so beastly villainous, that it is almost beyond Belief; taking Women before their Husband's Faces, and Maidens before their Parents; first ravishing them openly in the Sight of the Sun, and then imbruing their barbarous Hands in their Blood, as divers Histories declare; for this her Uncleanneſs and Cruelty, she is called, in holy Writ, *Spiritual Sodom and Egypt, the Habitation of Devils, the Hold of every foul Spirit, and Cage of every unclean and hateful Bird*; see Rev. xi. 8. and xviii. 2.

X. The Church of *Rome*, or Mystery *Babylon*, hath not come behind her Type, in this cruel, shameful, and ignominious Practice; for she hath hanged up the best of Men, both Ministers and others: Some she has hanged up by the Neck, and others by the Toes, and others by the Middle, and burnt them by Degrees, to lengthen out their Pain and Misery; others by their tenderest Parts; O monstrous Barbarity! O
E 2 shameless

METAPHOR.

*Faces of Elders were
not honoured, Lam.
v. 12.*

PARALLEL.

shameless Inhumanity ! to be
practised by a Body of Peo-
ple, who call themselves the
holy, meek, chaste, and
compassionate Spouse of
Christ.

These are only a small Specimen of that Agree-
ment there is between literal *Babylon*, the Type,
and the Church of *Rome* the Antitype; I must
refer my Reader for farther Particulars, to Mr.
Keach's Metaphors, Book the IVth, Page 291, &c.
from whence some of these Particulars are ex-
tracted. We need not wonder why the Clergy of
the Church of *Rome*, lock up the Scriptures from
their Laity; which, if they were permitted to read,
they would see written in legible Characters, upon
the Forehead of that Church, *Mystery, Babylon the
Great, the Mother of Harlots, and Abominations of
the Earth*: Then they would not have so many
blind Votaries to their horrid Religion, which is
equally destructive to the Souls and Bodies, the
Lives and Liberties of Men.

I must beg my Reader's Patience, till I have
given the *Jesuits* of *Rome* one more Bone to
pick; which if they do nicely, his Holiness shall
have it to break, and the Marrow for his Pains:
I mean, for *Jesuits* to reconcile the following
Things.

First, How he that is a Wolf, and devours that
Flock which he pretends to be an Overseer, or
Pastor of, can be a good Shepherd?

Secondly,

Secondly, How he that sits in the Temple as God, and wears the highest Ensigns of, imperial Dignity, can be the Successor of a poor Fisherman?

Thirdly, How he can be meek and lowly, and the Servant of Servants, who treads upon the Necks of Emperors, kicks off the Crowns of great Princes, and makes Kings his Foot-Pages?

Fourthly, How he can be a true Servant, and meek Saint of Jesus Christ, who exalts himself above his Master, and all that is called God? as appears by slighting, and trampling upon the holy Scriptures, and Laws, both of God and Princes; dispensing with the Breach of them, indulging the highest Violation thereof, and setting up his own Inventions, Traditions, and Decrees above them, with a Sanction of temporal and eternal Punishments and Rewards: So that its more dangerous (if we will believe it) to break the Commands of the humble *Pope*, than the Laws of Princes, or even the righteous Commands of our great, gracious, holy, and dreadful God.

Fifthly, How that can be the holy Church and Spouse of the holy, harmless, and undefiled Jesus, whose Members are the chiefest Sons of *Belial*, or first-born of Wickedness? in being the Top of Pride; committing palpable Idolatry; filling themselves with Excess and Drunkenness; who can curse, swear, and blaspheme the very Name they profess to be sacred; who can burn the Bible; commit Adultery, and account it a venial Crime; break Covenants, drive a Trade in Perjury, forswear every thing they are justly charged with, and is fully prov'd against them; foment Wars and Broils in every Kingdom, and Country, where they have a Power; contrive
the

the Ruin of Towns, Cities, Countries, and Kingdoms, by Fire, Sword, and most cruel Devastations; slaughtering, and murdering both Men, Women, and Children, in such a cruel and barbarous manner, that human Nature, as such, could never act in the butchering of brute Beasts: And the best Reason they can give for their Cruelty, is, because we will not be Catholicks, and so be saved. But how can I think that Man has any Love for my Soul, that so miserably tortures my Body; and who, if he believes me to be in a damnable Estate, will send me to Hell by the very Means by which he pretends to convert and save me? But, alas! 'tis not the Love of Protestants Souls, (but their Substance) that *Papists* are so much concern'd for; if they can but convert this to themselves, the Devil may take both the Bodies and Souls of Hereticks.

Sixtly, and lastly, to sum up all, I would ask how those, who curse, swear, and lye, and forswear themselves, can be Men of Truth, and Faithfulness? and how those who contrive Rebellion, Murder, and Treason, can be as innocent as the Child unborn? and how those who are exalted above Kings, and Emperors, above Jesus Christ, and God the Father, can be meek and lowly? and how those who commit gross Idolatry, can be the true Worshippers of God? and how those who despise, and burn the Scriptures, can be the true Witnesses of it? and how those who are the greatest Sinners can forgive Sins? and how those who destroy Cities, Countries, and Kingdoms, by Rapin, Murder, and Bloodshed, can be as harmless as Doves? or how those who are guilty of the most horrid, and unparallel'd Villainies, and butcherly Murthers, can be the only Sons of Peace, the true
 Sheep,

Sheep, and harmless Lambs of Christ, who both by his Doctrine, and Example, taught the very reverse of all this?

Let *Jesuits*, now, reconcile these Absurdies, and exculpate themselves, and their Church, from the Charge I have exhibited against them; till then, I will conclude the Church of *Rome* to be *Mystery, Babylon the Great, the Mother of Harlots, and Abominations of the Earth*; that hath made herself drunk with the Blood of the Saints and Martyrs of Jesus; the scarlet Whore, false Church, and only the pretended Spouse of Christ; yea, a Synagogue of *Satan*, a Sink of Iniquity, a Seminary of all Cruelty and Barbarity; a spiritual *Sodom*, from whose despotick Power in the State, and tyrannical Hierarchy in the Church, may the holy, meek, merciful, and compassionate Son of God (who came not into the World to destroy Mens Lives, but to save them) deliver us, and all that love him in Sincerity and Truth! *Amen.*

The CONCLUSION.

THUS have I nam'd a few of *Rome's* curs'd Pranks,
 For which, I think, I shall not have her Thanks;
 But if my God, my King, and Country's pleas'd,
 My End is answer'd, and my CONSCIENCE eas'd.
 'Tis not from Malice, but for Conscience-sake,
 That I the Church of *Rome* so odious make;
 For in my Mind I could have no Repose,
 Till I this bloody Church did thus expose.

As

As what I've said is true, so I'll be bold
 To say, the one half I have not yet told
 Of *Rome's* vile Deeds : her Plots, and Schemes of
 Hell,
 To write them all would Folio Volumes swell;
 The rest I'll leave for abler Pens to tell.

N. B. If the Readers of this will please to consult a Book intituled, (*A Master-Key to Popery*) written by a *Spanish* Priest who conformed to the Church of *England*, they will be abundantly convinced, that I have not laid to the Charge of the Church of *Rome* Things that she knows not.

F I N I S.



